# URBANA UNION.

"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—Last Words of Stephen A. Douglas.

VOL. I. URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1862. NO. 17.


## Poetry for the Hour.

### DRUMMER BOY OF TENNESSEE.

The following is a prose story of real life, exquisitely put into rhyme by the fair correspondent of the Home Journal:

When called the fife and drum at morn
The soldier from his rest,
And those to higher honors born
With softer couches blest,
There came, a captain brave to seek,
Deep in her mourning clad,
By loss made sad, and journeying weak,
A mother and a lad—
And they came from Tennessee,
Waiting the best of revielle.

But, penniless and widowed,
Her story soon she told:
The hand of traitor had not spared
Her husband's life nor gold;
And now she brought her only son,
To fill the drummer's place;
Thus young his daily bread to earn,
His country's foes to face:
For he had learned, in Tennessee,
To beat the call of revielle.

The boy upturned his eager gaze,
And, with a beating heart,
He read upon the captain's face
Both kindliness and doubt;
For he had marked his tender years,
His little fragile form—
"Don't be afraid," he boldly cried,
"For, captain, I can drum!
And I have come from Tennessee,
To sound for you the revielle."

"Well, call the fifer!—bring the drum,
To test this noble youth!"
And well his part he did perform,
A "Drummer Boy" in truth!
"Yes, madam, I will take your boy,"
The captain kindly said.
"Oh! bring him back," her quick reply,
"Unnumbered with the dead!
And Eddie Lee, of Tennessee,
Shall play for you the revielle."

'Twas many a weary march was made,
To sound of drum and fife,
And well the "Drummer Boy" essayed
To play the "march of life;"
Each soldier loved and sought to share
Their part of good with him;
The fifer on his back did bear
Across each swollen stream,
The "Drummer Boy from Tennessee,
Who beat with him the revielle.

But, come the battle-shock and doom
Of one great "Lyon" heart,
The victor's shout—the victim's groan,
Fulfilled their fearful part!
And, on that blood-stained field of woe
The darkness threw its pall!
The morning dawned on *flying foe*;
When, *list!*—the "*morning call!*"
Our Drummer Boy from Tennessee,
*Beating for help the revielle!*

Upon the valley sod he lay,
Beside a lifeless foe,
Whose dying hand had sought to stay
The life-blood's ebbing flow:
The quivering drum yet echoing
The beating of his heart—
The encamping angel beckoning
From drum and fife to part!
*And Biddie Lee, of Tennessee,*
*Await the final revielle!*

Minnie Hart.

## The War for the Union.

### GEN. WALLACE'S WASHINGTON SPEECH.

On Wednesday night, 9th, about 11 o'clock a number of Indianians tendered Maj. Gen. Lew. Wallace a serenade at his quarters at the National Hotel at Washington. An unusually large concourse was present on the occasion.

After several national airs by the band, Gen. Wallace made his appearance on the balcony, when he was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. On being introduced, he spoke as follows:

Gentlemen and Fellow-Citizens:—Understanding this compliment is intended for my humble self, the very least I can do is to tell you how sincerely and exceedingly grateful to you I am. It is tendered me, I am told, on account of recent military services. ["That's so."] I beg you to understand that I am not so selfish as to take it all to myself. I remember, and I would beg each one of you to remember the gallant comrades, the dead and the living, whose courage, discipline and blood won me this distinction you signalize. [Applause.] Without their possessing those qualities, I should have been unheard of, or if heard of in all probability disgraced. Therefore I say to you again, I beg you to remember the gallant comrades whom I have left behind me in the city of Memphis. I understand also that this compliment originated in the first place with Indianians, and the gentlemen who are present from other States I know will pardon me for the self-congratulation that I may be guilty of to-night, in speaking to Indianians. And I appeal to you all, in view of the services Indiana has rendered the Government in this war, if I have not a right to speak of them in terms of congratulation? ["That's so," and applause.]

God forbid that I should distract from the services of the troops of any other State. I am here, on the contrary, a willing witness of their gallantry and their devotion. I claim no merit for Western troops in point of courage over Eastern troops. For if ever the courage, the devotion to death, of soldiers from any quarter have been displayed, it has been in the recent battles before Richmond. [Loud applause.] But there is a particular reason why we from Indiana should be particularly proud. In the beginning of this war we rested under a cloud. No less a person than Jefferson Davis published to the world, and had printed on the pages of history, that we were cowardly. [A voice—"that isn't so."] So it isn't, as we have proved. When this war began, therefore, we took our banners and flung them to the breeze, each man of us did it with a distinct resolution that it was to be death. ["That's so," and applause.] I had the honor to lead a regiment among the first to the field. Pardon me for referring to an event in the history of that regiment. When the banners were given us in front of our Capitol, receiving it on the part of my regiment, I had them kneel down, and with uplifted hands swear to redeem the good name of Indiana. ["Good," and applause.] And they knelt down, one and all, and took the solemn oath. [A voice—"And they have kept it."] Yes, they have. [Loud applause.] Not many weeks ago, the old flag under which we took the oath, was given back, and put away in the Hall from which was taken. At Donelson its stripes were shot ragged with bullets. [Applause.] It was but a tattered fragment of its former self and its original glory when given back. Wherever it floated we had victory. [Applause.]

Again, my fellow-citizens, we, Indianians complained—and we are given to complaints, you know—it seems to be the nature of men—it is, particularly, the disposition of soldiers. Each one seems to have his little complaint. Sometimes he tells it, but most often he keeps it to himself. [Laughter.] Well, one of our complaints was that our regiments, now sixty-three in number actually in the field, were not put together in some department, that they might fight side by side. But of late days I have changed my opinion. It is better for us, better for the honor of our State, better for the glory of our arms, that we are scattered—we Indianians—as we have been. There is no fight, no victory, that I now recollect of, in which Indiana has not had a share. [Applause.] When the war is over, and the time comes to build monuments, as a generous people will build them, whenever a monument is built it will be in the honor of Indiana—in conjunction, of course, with other States. [Applause.] When the historian comes to write a history of the war, and he tells of the gallant deeds of regiments from other States on the banks of the Mississippi, or on the Potomac, or wherever our army marches, be sure—and I say this with infinite pride—be sure there will be something said about a representative Regiment from Indiana. [Applause.] I am no politician. [Cries of "Good for that," and "Don't want any now-a-days."] Probably for a regular speech, I had been much obliged to some of my political friends if they had made it for me. ["Keep them in the dark," and laughter.] If it is expected that I am to speak on subjects of a political character to-night, I know I should been obliged to some of them to have performed the task for me. If I touch upon them, bear me witness that I speak of them not as a politician, but as a soldier. [Applause.] I was at the Senate Chamber to-day. They were discussing the policy of the war. The question in agitation was, or what at least seemed to be the paramount question, "Should the negro be used or not?" [Cries of "Yes," "yes," and "No," "no"] Well, I find my audience precisely as I found the Senate.—[Laughter and applause.] Some said "yes," and some said "no"—just as you are saying. [Laughter.] A voice—"Will you give us a soldier's opinion?" Yes, let me speak about that as a soldier, ["Good"] not as apolitician. ["Don't want any politicians."] He would be a poor soldier in my opinion, who would fail to use every element of war which God Almighty gave him, if he could use it to his advantage. [Prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.] I think you concur with me in that at least. [Cries of "Certainly we do;" "Every sensible man will."] Now, then, if we find the negro before us, or around us, as we advance, planted there by some accident—Providence may have had a great deal to do with it—and we can find his services available, would not that General be a crazy man who would refuse to use them? ["Most assuredly," and applause.] So it seems to me, and my position may be plainly stated upon that. If by the services of a negro I can make my soldiers comfortable: if by the services of a band of negroes I can relieve them of onerous duties and hard work; if I can make them available to dig my trenches ["That's right,"] shall I not do it? [Cries of "Yes, yes." Loud applause.] Yes, and I will do it. [Vociferous cheering. A voice—"Soldiers will follow you to the death for that." Another voice—"Put no arms in their hands." Several voices,—"Oh yes, as many as they want."] Now, then, let me speak about that. [Cries of "All right now;" "You are a mighty good boy."] If I except of the services of a negro, and he works well and faithfully, fed by us, clothed by us, and he stands by my gallant regiment, relieving them of the hard duties I have mentioned, would it not be cruel to put them into the army, in the way of shot, and yet give him nothing with which to defend himself? [Cries of "That's so," and loud and continued cheering.] My fellow-citizens, I speak as a soldier all the time, recollect; I am not viewing this matter in its political aspect, for I have as much prejudice against the negro politically, and am as much opposed to slavery agitation as any of you can be. Yet where he can be made available, let us make him so. Then what shall we do with him? [A voice "Place him in the rear." "No, put him in front." (Applause.) A voice—"In the ditch."] Stop one moment; there is policy in war as well as in politics. One thing is very certain—nothing is to be so carefully guarded against as the prejudices of the soldiers, and unless it was some desperate occasion, some last resort, when even soldiers would be grateful for their assistance, I would not propose to put him in the line of battle to the front. ["That's the true doctrine," and applause.] But to every brigade I would have a regiment of negroes—to every company I would have a fair complement of cooks. [Applause.] I would feed them, I would organize them, and to each one who did good service I would at the end of the war give him or her their freedom. [Immense cheering.]

Let me make one remark further. The common impression has been that this was a war in which we had all the advantages. Now, then listen to my practical experience. I tell you it has not been such a war of inequality in our favor as you may suppose. I have visited plantations in the course of marches. I have asked where is the man of the house? He is in the army. I have looked around.—I have seen his harvest field full of stalwart negroes. They reap his harvest and they put it away as well and as carefully as if the man had been at home and not in the army; and what was the result? He had plenty to eat—a superabundance—some of which he was sure would come to the sustenance of that Southern army. There is supposed to be 4,000,000 of negroes. Do you suppose that Jefferson Davis, if we went humbly to him: You have 4,000,000 of operatives belonging to your people in the South; under our policy we may not touch them—not molest them. We will leave them upon your farms to work, will you agree to leave us 4,000,000 of operatives home on our farms in our shops, unmolested? Do you suppose that Jefferson Davis would agree to that? [No!] Yet he would have to agree to it before equality of advantage was established between us. [Applause.] Jefferson Davis is a better manager, because he is a desperate man. [Applause.]

Our army on the James river is said to be in danger. How true that is I do not know. I hope it is false. Well, if it is true, and they come back, what becomes of the good Government that those of us who have been in the field have been fighting for? To say the least, it becomes imperiled. Now then, what do you think of the legislator who will sit in the halls of our Congress and be afraid to use the power of the Government to sustain the Government. ["That's it." "Hit 'em."]—Jeff. Davis early in this war impressed men. He was not afraid. He saw the necessity of it, and he being a bold man resorted to impressment. We want soldiers, and want them quickly. There is a way to get them. In time they will come by volunteering, but the exigencies of the moment are so great it is dangerous to wait. Will this Congress before it adjourns—and the time of its adjournment, I am told, approaches—will it have the courage to leave behind on the statute book a drafting law? I fear not. And yet they ought by all means, because the time may come when every strong arm in the North, too, may be required to sustain the Government. [True!]

We have been dealing in affections. Let us discard them. We have been accused of vanity by the people of the Old World. All people are vain. It was natural we should be. Let us not carry our vanity, however, to the point of destruction. If need be, I repeat again, let us summon to the battle-field every man in the land who can carry a gun or stand beneath the flag. [Loud applause.]

Now, then, fellow-citizens, I have really made you a speech when I did not intend to. Oh, if I could get a little backbone into those who are governing us. [Applause.] If I could but animate them to use the great powers that God has given us in one year the very results of the prosperity he has given us. If I could but stimulate them to the point of courage when they dare do their duty as our soldiers in the field dare to march to the cannon's mouth, and I could induce them to let us make war, that is all I ask. (Loud applause.) And there may be some around us now. I turn to them, and in the name of the soldiery, the regiments I command, and say that I want to be allowed the privilege, when I march through secession districts, to make my soldiers comfortable on secession property. (Applause.) Understand me. I would not make war barbarous. I would cultivate every amenity that belongs to civilized warefare, and God knows they are few enough. (Laughter.) But I never again want to lead another column of troops through a land rich with comforts and luxuries belonging to the enemy of my Government without having the privilege of giving them a portion of them at least to the gallant soldier who follows me. (Good and applause.) In conclusion, my fellow-citizens, I say again I am very grateful for this honor. He retired amid great applause.

Asking Questions.—There are few positions of more delicacy than in interrogating Sabbath Schools, especially young scholars. This is shown by the experience related of a clergyman in Maine, who was opposed to having any mirth in the Sabbath School. He thought it injurious to all, and unnecessary for the entertainment of the children. He offered to address the school, and show that they could be well entertained seriously. The following dialogue ensued:

"Children, I am going to tell you about Peter. Who knows who Peter was?"

No answer was made.

"Cannot any one—those large girls—tell me who Peter was?"

Still no reply.

"Can any little boy or girl in the school tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those girls who Peter was."

Jimmy did as he was bid, and in the shrill voice of childhood repeated:

"Peter, Peter, Punkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her—"

At this point he was stopped, but not before the full point was taken by the school, and Mother Goose's poem appreciated.

## Select Poetry.

### SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case;
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The types at a rapid pace.
And one by one as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound;
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake,
And the bonds of the slave oppress'd shall break;
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or treble its strength in a righteous fight.
Yet the types they look but leaden and dumb,
As he puts them in place with finger and thumb,
But the printer smiled,
And his work beguiled,
By chanting a song as the letters he piled;
While pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer—tick! tick! tick!

O, where is the man with such simple tools,
Can govern the world like I?
With a printing-press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die;
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.
I pull the strings
Of puppet kings,
And I break the despot's nose;
Or let him alone
Till the people groan,
When I needs must interpose;
Nor yet again
Do I e'en disdain
To talk of lowly woes,
Then, where is he,
Or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarchs that live
The wall doth be give;
Their sway only lasts for an hour;
While the printer still grows,
And God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower!

## All Sorts of Good Reading.

### A Foraging Party in Virginia.

[There is such rich humor in everything that Orpheus C. Kerr—of the N. Y. Sunday Mercury—writes that we cannot help giving the following exaggerated illustration of Virginia "conservatism" from his pen:]

Upon quitting the Strawberry Festival, I returned post haste again to Paris, where I arrived just in time to start with Captain Bob Shortly and a company from the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade on a foraging expedition. We went to look up a few straw beds for the feeding of the Agatomical Cavalry horses, my boy, and the conservative Kentucky chap went along to see that we did not violate the constitution nor the rights of man.

"It's my opinion comrade," says Captain Bob Shortly, as we started out—"it's my opinion, my Union ranger, that this here unnatural war is getting worked down to a very fine point, when we can't go out for an armful of forage without taking the constitution long on an ass. "I think," says Captain Bob Shortly, "that the constitution is as much out of place here as a set of fancy harness would be in a drove of wild buffaloes."

Can such be the case, my boy—can such be the case? Then did our revolutionary forefathers live in vain.

Having moved along in gorgeous cavalcade until about noon, we stopped at the house of a first Family of Virginia who were just going to dinner. Captain Bob Shortly ordered the Mackerels to stack arms and draw canteens in the front door-yard, and then we entered the domicil and saluted the domestic mess meeting in the dining-room.

"We come sir," says Bob, addressing the venerable and high-minded chivalry, at the head of the table, "to ask you if you have any old straw beds that you don't want, that could be used for the cavalry of the United States of America."

The chivalry only paused long enough to throw a couple of pie plates at us, and then says he:

"Are you accursed abolitionists?"

The conservative Kentucky chap stepped hastily forward, and says he:

"No, my dear sir, we're the conservative element."

The chivalry's venerable wife, who was a female Southern Confederacy, leaned back a little in her chair, so that her little son could see to throw a tea-cup at me; and says she:

"You ain't Tribune reporters—be you?"

We were all noes and no ayes. Quite a feature in social intercourse, my boy.

The aged chivalry caused three fresh chairs to be placed at the table, and having failed to discharge the following piece which he had pointed at Captain Bob Shortly, by reason of dampness in the cap, he waved us to seats, and says he:

"Sit down, poor hirelings of a gorilly despot, and learn what it is to taste the hospitality of a southern gentleman. You are Lincoln hordes," says the chivalry shaking his white locks, "and have come to butcher the Southern Confederacy; but the southern gentlemen knows how to be courteous, even to a vandal foe."

Here the chivalry switched out a cane which he had concealed behind him, and made a blow at Captain Bob Shortly.

"See here," says Bob, indignantly, "I'll be—"

"Hush!" says the conservative Kentucky chap, agitatedly, "don't irritate the old patriarch, or the future amicable reconstruction of the Union will be out of the question. He is naturally a little provoked just now," says the Kentucky chap, soothingly, "but we must show him that we are his friends."

We all sat down in peace at the hospitable board, my boy, only a few sweet potatoes and corn cobs being thrown by the children, and found the fare to be in keeping with the situation of our distracted country—I may say warfare.

"In consequence of the blockade of the Washington Ape," says the chivalry, pleasantly, "we only have one course, you see; but even these last year's sweet potatoes must be luxuries to mercenary mudsills accustomed to husks."

I had just reached out my plate, to be helped, my boy, when there came a great noise from the Mackerels in the front door-yard.

"What's that?" says Captain Bob Shortly.

"O, nothing," says the female Confederacy, taking another bite of hoe-cake "I've only told one of the servants to throw some hot water on your reptile hirelings."

As Captain Bob Shortly turned to thank her for her explanation, and while his plate was extended, to be helped, the aged chivalry fired a pistol at him across the table, the ball just grazing his head and entering the wall behind him.

"By all that's blue!" says Captain Bob Shortly, excitedly, "now I'll be—"

"Be calm, now: be calm," says the conservative Kentucky chap hastily, "don't I tell you that it's only natural for the good old soul to be a little provoked? If you go to aggravate him, we can never live together as brethren again."

Matters being thus rendered pleasant, my boy, we quickly finished the simple meal; and as Captain Bob Shortly warded off the carving-knife just thrown at him by the chivalry's little son, he turned to the female Confederacy, and says he:

"Many thanks for your kind hospitality, and now about that straw bed?"

The Virginia matron threw the vinegar-cruet at him, and says she:

"My servants have already given one to your scorpions, you nasty Yankee."

"Of course," says the venerable chivalry, just missing a blow at me with a bowie-knife, "of course your despicable government will pay me for my property!"

"Pay *you!*" says Captain Bob Shortly, hotly, "now I'll be—"

"Certainly it will, my friend," broke in the conservative Kentucky chap, eagerly, "the Union troops come here as your friends; for they make war on none but traitors."

As we left the domicil, my boy, brushing from our coats the slops that had just been thrown upon us from an upper window I saw the chivalry's children training a fowling-piece from the roof and hoisting the flag of the Southern Confederacy on one of the chimneys.

And will it be possible to regain the love of these noble people again, if we treat them constitutionally? We shall see my boy—we shall see.

### Sketch of General Pope.

Major General John Pope is a man of about forty years of age, a native of Kentucky but a citizen of Illinois and a graduate of West Point, which academy he entered in the year 1838. He graduated in 1842, standing high in a large class, and was appointed to the army as a brevet second lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was engaged in Mexico, and was brevetted a first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in several conflicts at Monterey—the brevet bearing date from September 23, 1846. On the 23d of February, 1847, he was brevetted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista. In 1849 he conducted the Minnesota exploring expedition, having accomplished which he acted as topographical engineer in New Mexico until 1853, when he was assigned to the command of one of the expeditions to survey the route of the Pacific railroad. 1854 to 1859 he was engaged in the exploration of the Rocky Mountains, during which time he took the actual rank of captain in the corps of Topographical Engineers. On the 17th of May, 1861, he was made a brigadier general of volunteers. He had a command in Missouri for some time before he became particularly noted; but when General Halleck took charge of the disorganized department, he, having great confidence in Brig. Gen. Pope, gave him the charge of the district of Central Missouri. This was in December. 1861. On the 17th of that month he scattered the rebel camp at Shawnee Mount, taking 150 prisoners and most of the enemy's wagons, tents, baggage, horses, &c. On the 18th he surprised another camp near Milford, and took some 1300 prisoners, 1000 stand of arms, 1000 horses, 65 wagons, and a large quantity of tents, baggage and supplies. He also seized two tons of gunpowder. This campaign drove Price below the Osage river, which he never again crossed. Having cleared this district, he was next appointed to clear southeastern Missouri. On the 23d of February, 1862, he reached Commerce with a small force. He there gathered his men together, and in six days marched to New Madrid. This place soon fell into his hands, and shortly after, comparatively speaking, he cut out that noted canal which caused the downfall of Island No. 10. For this master-piece he was made a major-general. He was next appointed to act at the head of a corps to co-operate with Halleck in the reduction of Corinth. After the evacuation, his remarkable pursuit and capture of Beauregard's army are too fresh in the minds of our readers to need description. One great feature in the military career of Gen. Pope is the fact that he has never met with a repulse. He carries with him the prestage of success, and by the past we may safely judge of the future.

Best time for haymakers.—When it rains pitchforks.

### The Last Bell.

I was by the side of Helen Harris, the only one I ever loved, and I believe the only girl that ever loved me; certainly the only one that ever told me so.

We were sitting in the piazza of her father's house, a quarter of a mile from the landing place, waiting for the bell of the steamboat that was to part my love and me. In order to accumulate a little of this world's gear, that I might be the better prepared to meet the demands of matrimony, I was destined to cross the blue Chesapeake, and seek in the Metropolitan city, the wherewith so much desired. How many swains like me have been compelled to leave home and the girl they loved in search of gold? And how many have been disappointed?

Well, we were sitting in the piazza, and talking of our love and separation &c. We were awaiting for the unwelcome sound of the first steamboat bell, and you may rely on it, we talked fast, and abreviated our words in such rugged sentences, that no body but ourselves could understand them. The first bell rang—I sprang to my feet and trembled like an aspen.

"Oh! George, wait till the last bell rings," said Helen, as the big bright tears come over her blue eyes.

"Do no such thing, answered the hoarse voice of Mr. Harris, as he rose like a specter from the cellar, where he had been packing away his cider, "George, never wait for the last bell."

I was off like a deer, and I arrived at the boat merely in time to go on board before she was pushed off from the wharf.

My career, in search of pelph had in a degree, been successful. But I believe had not the old farmer told me never to "wait for the last bell," I should now be as poor as the morning that farewell shivered from my lips on the heart of my lovely Helen.

Anybody, who has lived at a hotel, even for a day, knows the danger of waiting for the last bell; I did once and lost my dinner. The first stroke of the bell always found me at the table. For six months I was a clerk, and my never waiting for the last bell, secured me the affections of my employer; who offered me a partnership, of which I accepted, and in every instance when the bell rang, I was ready.

Helen Harris is my wife, and she will never repent the morning I took her father at his word and ran over the field to the boat in time. When I arrived in Baltimore I called upon some gentlemen to whom I had introductory letters, and they recommended me for a situation, one soon offered, which had been refused by four young men who were waiting for the last bell, and which I accepted. Haste for the first bell, accept the first offer, and keep it till you get a better. Life is short, and he who waits till the last bell will as father Harris predicts, "come out at the little end of the horn."

### Monster Guns for the New Iron-Plated War Steamers.

The Fort Pitt works in this city have received an order from the Government for the construction of a new class of navy guns intended for the iron-plated vessels now in course of completion at New York and elsewhere. Hitherto eleven-inch guns have been the largest used in the navy, but the present order calls for a number of fifteen-inch Dahlgren's designed to suit the turrets of such vessels as the "Monitor," of which there are several now building.

The length of each of these new guns is thirteen feet five inches; depth of bore a hundred and thirty inches; diameter of bore fifteen inches. The muzzle, however, is to be turned off to twenty-six and a half inches, and from thence taper up to nothing at the base line (a line struck through at the base of the cylindrical bore.) The thickness of the metal outside of the bore at the base line will be sixteen and a half inches; from this line to the outside of the circle it will be twenty-four inches. A small tapering gas chamber will be formed behind the bore at the base line, a hole one-fifth of an inch will be drilled one inch back from the centre, then carried straight to the top forming the vent.

These guns, when finished, will not only by the largest, but the best and most beautiful navy guns in the world. They are not to be cast solid, as has been usual with navy guns heretofore, but will be cast hollow and cooled upon Capt. Rodman's principle. It would be impossible to obtain a good sound solid casting of such a size; hence the necessity for casting hollow. Each of the "Monitor" class of vessels, armed with them, will be able to hurl shot weighing four hundred and twenty-five pounds, which is nearly three times the weight of the round shot fired from the largest Armstrong gun yet made for the British navy. We might add that two new 14-inch guns have lately been cast at the works, each of which, when finished, will weigh over twenty-five tons.—*Pittsburg Chronicle, 16th.*

Good, with the Hot Work before Us.—A General Draft all round.

Not So, Gentle Sir!—A correspondent of the Daily Times, writing on the subject of camp ablutions, asserts that bathing in cold water during hot weather is a "radical mistake."

On this point we cannot agree with the writer to the Daily News. No Radical ever made such a mistake as to wash himself in cold water, or any other water, weather or no.

Puffs most in Vogue at Present.—Powder-puffs.

From the Mississippi.—The following message has just been sent by Commodore Farragut to Vicksburg, under a flag of truce:

"Dry up."

### "Pring up de Shackasses."

Major Thos. S. Richards, of the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, paid a flying visit to his family in Reading, on Wednesday 1st, after an absence of nearly six months, and left again next morning. As connected with his experience of military life, the Major relates the following incident:

One of General Fremont's batteries of eight Parrot guns, supported by a squadron of horse, commanded by the Major, was in a sharp conflict with a battery of the enemy near at hand, and shells and shot were flying thick and fast, when the commander of the battery, a German, one of Fremont's staff, rode suddenly up to the cavalry, exclaiming, in loud and excited tones, "*Pring up de shackasses, pring up de shackasses; for Col's sake hurry up de shackasses im-me-di-ate-ly.*"

The necessity of this order, though not quite apparent to our readers, will be more obvious when we mention that the "shackasses" are mules carrying mountain howitzers, which are fired from the backs of that much abused but valuable animal, and the immediate occasion for the "shackasses" was that two regiments of rebel infantry were at that moment discovered descending a hill immediately behind our batteries. The "shackasses" with the howitzers loaded with grape and canister, were soon on the ground. The mules squared themselves, as they well knew how, for the shock. A terrific volley was poured into the advancing column, which immediately broke and retreated. Two hundred and seventy-eight dead bodies were found in the ravine next day, piled closely together as they fell, the effects of that volley from the backs of the "shackasses."

### How the Men Work in Trenches.

It may be a puzzle to conceive how our men can throw up fortifications right in the face and in plain sight of the enemy, without being seriously disturbed by them. A brief description may be interesting, inasmuch as it cannot be contraband, because the work is done right under the noses of the rebels.

A working party is detailed for night duty: with muskets slung on their backs and picks on their shoulders, they proceed to the selected ground. The white tape marks the line of excavation, the dark lanterns are faced to the rear; the muskets are carefully laid aside; the shovels are in hand, and each man silently commences to dig. Not a word is spoken, not one spade clicks against another; each man first digs a hole sufficient to cover himself; he then turns and digs to his right hand neighbor; then the ditch deepens and widens, and the parapet rises. Yet all is silent; the relief comes, and the weary ones retire; the words and jests of the enemy are often plainly heard, while no noise from our men disturbs the stillness, save the dull rattle of the earth, as each spadeful is thrown to the top; at daylight, a long line of earthwork, affording complete protection to our men, greets the astonished eyes of the enemy, while the sharpshooter's bullets greet their ears. Frequently this work is done in open daylight the sharpshooter's and pickets keeping the enemy from annoying our men.

### Killing Rats—A Novel Trap.

The premises of a good many farmers are infested with rats, and we are often asked for modes of destruction. A resident of Brooklyn is vexed with an increasing family of rats that seem to grow fat on arsenic and rat exterminators. He doesn't like rats, and refers his case to the Sunday Times. The journal recommends a trap made as follows:

"Take a mackerel barrel, for instance, and fill it to about one-third its height with water. Then place a log endwise in the water, so that one end of it will just remain above the surface. Make the head of the barrel a little too small to fit, and suspend it by two pins to the inside of the top of the barrel, so that it will hang as it on a pivot and easily tip by touching either side. On this head, thus suspended, secure a piece of savory meat. The first rat that scents it, will, to get the meat, leap on the barrel head. The head will tip, or tilt, precipitate him into the water, and resume its position. The rat in the water will swim to the log, get on the end of it, and squeal vociferously. His cries will bring other rats, all of whom will be tilted into the water, and all of whom will fight for the only dry spot in it—viz: the end of the log. As only one rat can hold it, the victor will drown all the rest and can, in the morning, be drowned himself. We have seen twenty rats caught in one night by such a trick."

Sigel.—The Harper's Ferry correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives us some new impressions of General Sigel: "He is a man of mark, and his countenance indicates great energy and resolution. When asked if he was a family man, he laughed and said, 'Oh, yes, his family was very large; he had thousands of children.' He said much about the war, which, perhaps, it is not prudent for me to transcribe. At any rate, I have not his authority for doing so. He made sport of our trunks, and said if we ladies went he should only allow us three dresses—one black, one middling color, and one white. He talks English fluently, but has a slight German accent, which only makes it pleasanter to listen to him. He never carried books with him, as he remarked, as he found some new work to read wherever he went. Sometimes it was a production of Theodore Parker's, or on spiritualism, or a new novel; and added that he wished he could make books. We thought it was better for us at present that he could command armies."

Gov. Top has appointed Charles Anderson, (brother of Major Anderson,) late of Texas, Colonel of the 93d O. Regiment.